

My Loves

I've always been attracted to the fairer sex, and except for a brief period of time when I thought girls had "cooties", I've been in a relationship of one form or another all my life.

I was in love with Barbara Sue Vason when I was in nursery school in 1961, and we got our friend Britton to "marry" us one day.



They had to put a kid in between us to keep us apart!

In third grade, my friends Murray and Clay were in the same class with Lynn Jackson and all three of us decided she should be our girlfriend. For Valentine's Day, Murray and I went to the drugstore and bought her a card and some candy. We gave it to her from both of us. She decided that was too weird and ended up choosing our friend Clay instead.



Yes, we were all in love with Lynn

In the sixth grade I sat next to Lois Mahon, who was the only girl at that time who had developed breasts. I didn't know why I liked them, I just knew that I did. Lois saw my mom at the grocery store one day and told her that we were boyfriend and girlfriend. This was news to me. Lois eventually decided that she was a lesbian, and I hope it wasn't because of me. Although, I did go to the junior prom with a girl who also later changed teams, so maybe ...



Lois, when she thought she still liked boys



Shelly decided to change "teams" after this

My first "real" girlfriend was in the ninth grade in 1972. Because our small community hadn't changed much over the years, we pretty much had the same group of girls in our class for all that time and we were continually stuck in the "friend zone". A couple of my buddies got smart and found willing partners in the neighboring town of Tavares. I was the eldest and the first one to be able to drive in December of that year, so all six of us would go out on triple dates in my dad's Pontiac LeMans.

The object of my affection was named Cathy, and she was a cheerleader with lots of energy and a definite strong will. She knew exactly what she wanted and how to get it. When she decided it was time for both of us to lose our virginity, it wasn't up for discussion. Not that I was going to put up a fight. We were 16, alcohol was involved, and I don't remember much about it other than it was all over in an incredibly brief amount of time. Still, that didn't dissuade me from realizing this sex thing had potential.



Cathy

The next serious girlfriend was during my senior year of high school, and that lasted until I graduated. I went off to Europe for several months that summer, for some reason thinking she would be waiting for me when I returned. I was wrong.

Mary Ann was a year younger, but yet again, no wilting flower. From the very beginning she was completely unashamed of her desires and we had a wonderful school-year together. She was a very giving person, in fact, she gave me gonorrhea!



Mary Ann



After high school I had a short relationship with Valerie, who had been dating a close friend of mine during high school. I learned a big lesson: always check with

the guy. As far as he was concerned the relationship wasn't over, and they eventually ended up getting married and having a child.



When I went away to college, a whole new world of possibilities opened up because I hadn't grown up with these women. It was also a time of sexual revolution, as birth control was readily available, abortion was now legal, and AIDS was in the distant, unimaginable future. It was a great time to be young and single.

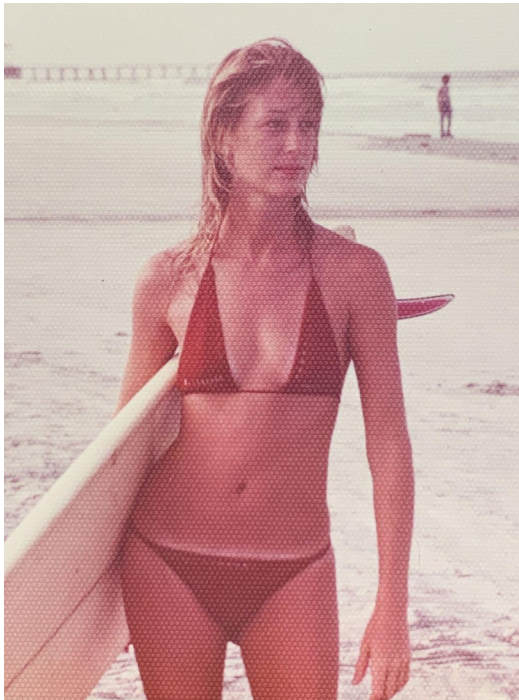
In reality, I'm a "relationship guy", but I have to admit that I had brief sexual encounters with many young women, and embarrassingly, I don't remember some of their names. Realistically, they probably don't remember my name either. I feel really bad about the ones I don't even have photos of.



*I don't remember her name,
but it should have been "trouble"*



My first Jewish "girlfriend"



*She followed me home after a party,
and I never saw her again*



*Cindy was a sweet girl I met in Key
And we were inseparable for about a
month.*



Largo

unforgettable.

*Another no-name woman, but still,
We were in an art photography class at UCF*



*Yikes, I really should remember her name. We were in
photography school at DBCC and she would model for me.*



I had to make some determination as to who I would include in this story, whether in description or by photo, and I decided that our relationship had to have been sexual at some point. Can it really be called "premarital sex", if you had no intention of getting married?

I had a few substantial girlfriends during my time at the University of Central Florida, and the first was Vickie. She was a hot-tempered Italian girl, but also very giving. She gave me crabs, which are tiny little insects that crawl around your pubic hair, attaching themselves in a way that can only be cured with a toxic chemical.



Vicki

My second love was Connie, a real beauty who had done some modeling, and both I and my camera found her very attractive. She was a wonderful person and I can't remember why we didn't stay together as a couple. Connie went on to a career in advertising and is one of the few people I'm still in touch with from that time.

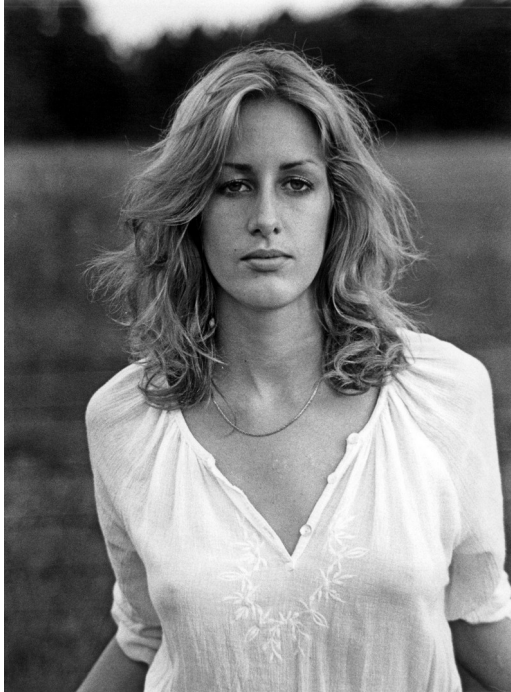


Connie

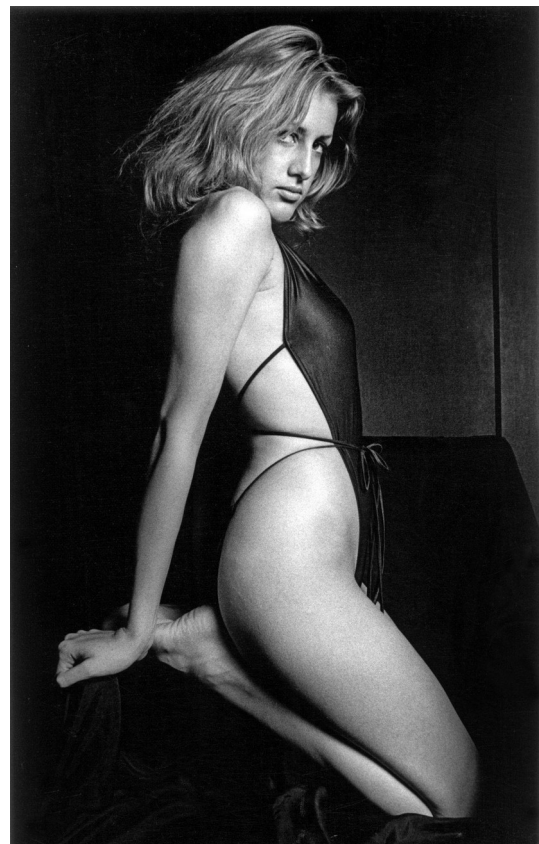


The most important relationship I had during college, and one that remained on and off for many years, was with Linda. Her body was quite often my photographic muse as well, and she modeled for me frequently.

When I moved to Los Angeles to start my career, she followed me there and was the first woman I lived with. We eventually fell apart, and she got married and had a child in Orlando. Well after her divorce, she and her grown daughter moved back to Los Angeles, where they still live.



Linda



I moved to LA in 1981, and yet again, I was in a good place to be young and single. Even though I worked as an assistant for Playboy magazine for quite a while, that never led to romance, but being a photographer didn't hurt. I ended up dating a couple of designers I worked with, a stylist and two models, but not all at the same time.

I was on a flight back to LA after visiting my family for Christmas and ended up sitting next to a very nice woman. We talked all the way across the country and when we were saying our goodbyes at the end of the flight she asked if we could see each other again. Little did I know at the time that we would end up living together, but that's how it happened.

I was 25 at the time and she was 10 years older, much more experienced, and had lived in Paris for a number of years. I didn't really want to hear it, but Janice told me that she had been with over 100 lovers, and she gave me no reason to doubt her. Although I was still fairly young and naïve, I distinctly remember this being the first time that I felt like a man, and I did a lot of growing up during our time together.

Janice wrote a screenplay that got sold to a studio and made into a movie, which is really unheard of for a novice. She was paid about \$70,000 for the script and the movie was called "Until September", starring Karen Allen, known for being in the "Indiana Jones" movies. The story was about a young American woman who ends up having an affair with a French married man, which is basically what happened to Janice.

The short story is that Janice flew to Paris for the filming of the movie and never came back. She still lives there and is a best-selling author of multiple novels.



Janice



I met Miranda in 1985 at the outdoor wedding of a friend and we got along fabulously. The only problem was that she was living with an art director acquaintance of mine in New York. We stayed in touch and when I realized she was looking to get out of that relationship and move back to Los Angeles, I flew back east and we had a passionate clandestine rendezvous for a weekend at the New Jersey shore.

Her parents lived in Los Angeles and she soon moved into their guest house, not far from me. Her dad taught musical theater performance and her mom was an actress, working for years in plays on Broadway, in movies as a character actor, and best known for being the grandmother, Ida Morgenstern, in the TV sitcom "Rhoda". She was also "Rosie", (the quicker picker-upper) in the television commercials for Bounty paper towels.

Miranda was brought up in a wealthy household of alcoholic parents in the upper east side of Manhattan. She went to a prestigious French school, and said it was not uncommon to have well-known actors such as Montgomery Clift over for dinner. Her best friend was the daughter of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

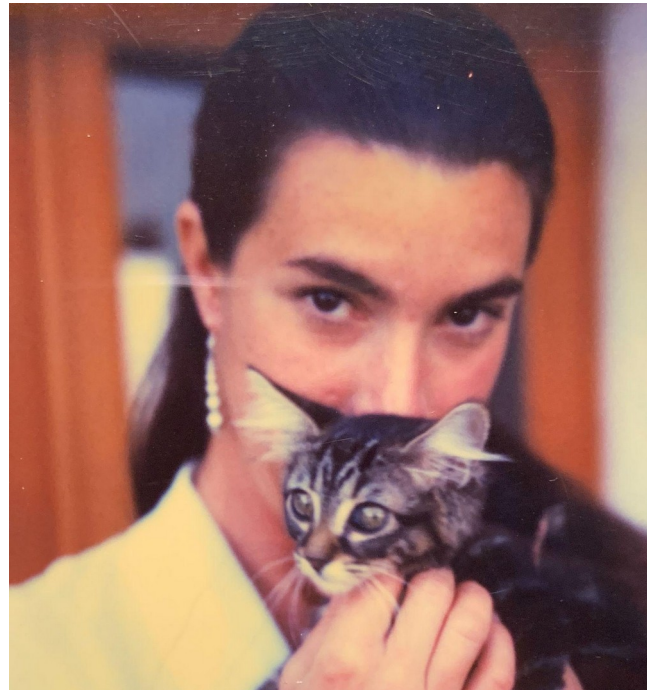
That type of upbringing could have messed up a lot of people, but Miranda was well-grounded, head firmly on shoulders. Miranda moved in with me fairly quickly, and we lived together for a few years in my home in the Hollywood hills of Laurel Canyon.

She was an avid reader and worked as a copywriter at advertising agencies. While I knew her, she also wrote scripts for pay-by-the-minute phone-sex numbers, which were popular in those days before the internet. The idea was that you would call a phone number that started with "1-900" and then hear a recording of a woman pretending to have sex. It was evidently hugely popular and profitable, and Miranda wrote many of the scenarios. Each week she would get a list of storylines the company was looking for, such as: lesbian, dominatrix, front, back, top, bottom ... you name it, she wrote it. Then they would hire actresses to play the part, complete with sound effects, in a recording studio. It was big business.

Miranda started getting bouts of depression and went to a therapist that convinced her through "past-life hypnosis", that she had been sexually abused by her parents. It was a steady downhill slide after that, gaining weight and becoming more depressed, and she eventually moved out. We remained friends and I would see her at least once a year at a big Thanksgiving meal she would put together. She died of cancer in 2000.



Miranda



I was hired by the University of Southern California to photograph a brochure and ended up spending the day scouting locations with Catherine, the designer of the project. I would photograph her as a stand-in at the various sites we found, and there were sparks and pheromones flying everywhere. I was smitten.

Catherine had the well-toned body of an athlete, was sort of tomboyish, but could also get dressed up for a night at the theater and turn heads.

She lived with a group of artists in a loft in the downtown area and had a boyfriend who was working on a long-term project out of town, but she was evidently not that committed. Catherine had no problem being photographed in the nude in various semi-public locations and I didn't have a problem with it either. She was a free spirit and made it obvious that she did not need me at all. Our relationship was the only one where I felt insecure, not knowing when I would see her next, or if she even wanted to. She was incredibly strong-willed and stubborn, and we could get into furious fights. It was eventually too much for both of us.



Catherine



Marci was the receptionist for a friend of mine who was a chiropractor. She was short and sweet, and we just melted together. Marci was a wounded soul with a rough upbringing, and one of many women I met who had been sexually abused. She had been in relationships with women, and although it didn't present a problem, it was a fact that was always somewhere in the back of my mind.



Marci

Susan was another girlfriend who had been sexually abused, this time by her own father, for many years as a teenager. She never confronted him about it and continued to act as if nothing had happened. I think it was confusing for her

because she wasn't actually raped against her will, so she somehow felt complicit, even though it was not her fault.

We got along great and traveled well together. She was always willing to indulge me in my strange photographic ideas and quick to drop her clothes if that was needed.

Susan was learning how to paint when I met her, and she created several canvas backdrops for me. She was also painting throw pillows and T-shirts to try to make money. She is now a well-known abstract artist and her work is represented by many galleries.



Susan



I met Lori because she was related to one of the members of a garage band that I played in. She was a pretty blonde, sweet and soft-spoken. Lori was one of the most normal relationships I had, but I just wasn't ready for that yet. She started getting work in the art department for movies and moved up into production design.



Lori

Jae was a photographer and I met her at the wedding of my rock 'n' roll next-door neighbor. She had that Jewish look and personality that I find attractive, and she was a fun and engaging person. I don't remember why we broke up, but she's still a photographer in Los Angeles.



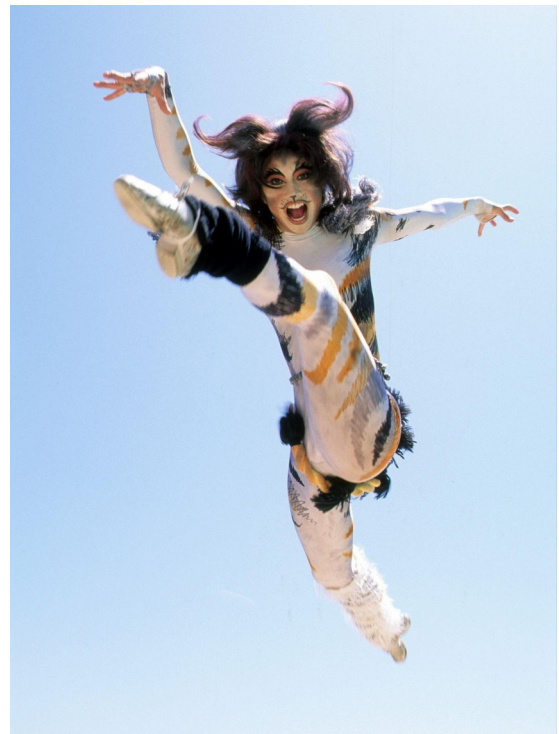
Jae at Halloween

I met Betsy because she was modeling for a friend of mine. She had just bought a new pair of breasts and was rightly very proud of them. Dancing was her real passion, and when I met her she was in a production of "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat " in Hollywood. She was also in the music video for Lionel Richie's song "All Night Long" and she's easy to spot as the only Asian woman. Among many other productions, she was on Broadway in "Cats", and I went to New York to see her perform. I was impressed that she could dance, act, and sing all those parts in harmony, and the fact that she got into that cast is a testament to her abilities.

Betsy had a beautiful and flexible body, and I loved photographing her. I had never found myself attracted to Asian women, but she was really sweet and we got along great. We became separated by more than just our physical distance, and I've completely lost track of her.



BETSY CHANG



Laura and I had a strange and wonderful relationship that lasted on and off for many years. She was a prop stylist for photographers, although we never worked together. I was drawn to her ethnic looks, but she also had a sexual magnetism that can only be felt and not described. We didn't really "date" in the common sense of the word, but we just ended up together, even when I was seeing other women. She just didn't seem to care and appeared to have no jealousy. I felt deeply attracted to her and could not let her go. Even many years later after my divorce, we reunited and spent some time traveling in Europe.

Laura was not without her faults, and she had odd compulsions that she could not control. One was that she would nervously twist individual strands of hair and pull them out, to the point of creating bald spots. She would also obsessively eat lemons, even though her dentist told her that it was destroying the enamel on her teeth. She had habits like that with food as well, and I thought she had the capability of becoming obese. We've unfortunately lost touch and I have no idea what has happened to her.



Laura





I met Vicki on the set of a dating game TV show that we both participated in. She was a hoot!

dated for a while



Beverly was a model that I



Susan was also a photographer

met this woman on vacation in Mexico



I

but I can't remember her name.

This is a difficult one, but I can't go without mentioning my ex-wife, Linda. We met and started dating around 1992 while I was still seeing Betsy. That triangle went on for a while and so the beginning of our relationship was one of distrust. I was clear with her about my situation, but she decided to continue dating me anyway. Still, it wasn't a good way to start.

It actually should have been a warning sign for me, that a woman was so intent on having a man in her life that she would put up with a situation like that. I should've also seen that she essentially had no friends and that her family was her entire social network. She was 10 years younger than I was, and that didn't help either.

Only after we were married did she feel able to vent and let me know exactly where she stood, and it wasn't pretty. She had done a great job hiding her insecurity, and that turned into jealousy and rage.

If things had been normal, we would've gone to marriage counseling to figure out how we could move forward, but instead, we were living on a small sailboat in the South Pacific. Within months I knew we were in trouble and that I had to get out of the marriage. It would get to that point and then she would break down and say that she would change. This would happen over and over for three years until one time when we were back home and I literally had to slip away and disappear.

That relationship, and the divorce that followed, was one of the worst experiences of my life. In retrospect, I realize that I'm fortunate to say that's the most difficult thing I've had to deal with. It means overall, I've been very lucky.

Good luck is all that I can attest to meeting Rachel. She is my one true love. All these previous relationships have allowed me to recognize everything about her that is special. If it hadn't been for those other women, I might not be able to appreciate Rachel in the way that I do, and I certainly would not be able to accept all the love that she gives. She is the perfect, and final, woman for me.

